

ER 8, 1904.
Directory.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear boys and girls: So many of our little friends have been asking if we could not give them space "for their own selves" to publish their contributions, letters, puzzles, games, etc., that we concluded to meet them and gladly give them a "Corner." Now, dear children, write and tell us how you spent your summer vacation, what amusements you like best, what books you read, what studies you have, and anything you think will be interesting. We want to make this department attractive, so let us see what you can

do. Who can tell but that there is wonderful literary genius lying dormant and needing only the slightest encouragement to bring it to the surface. Here's a chance now, boys and girls, for competition. Let us see who will take the palm. Write on one side of paper, and address all correspondence (which must be in by Saturday in each week) to "Editor Children's Corner, True Witness, Busby street, Montreal.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

youngest son. "How is it, Josiah; is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the youngster judicially, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

HER OPINION OF BOYS—A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and

by. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since.

Her Father's Guardian.

(By Mary J. Lupton, in Rosary Magazine.)

Mr. Baxton Miller was the wealthy owner of a steel plant in Northern Illinois. It appeared to be no trouble to him to accumulate dollars; but it did appear to the outside working world that Mr. Miller's ever-increasing wealth was accompanied by an equal increase of avarice and an unbearable tyranny over his employees. The more they did the more he exacted from them, while he invariably refused to raise their wages. In fact, things had reached such a pitch that the men would bear it no longer, and the result was a general strike.

Things were in this unsettled state when one day a group of the strikers congregated outside their place of labor in no very peaceful frame of mind, judging from the expression of their faces. It was noon hour, and a very hot day in July.

Prominent among the men was one Anthony Dwyer, a noted desperado, for whom nothing was too daring. He was the centre of attraction just then, for he was in the act of telling his companions that he would do something desperate to end their troubles.

"To-day, my friends, to-day," he said, "not later than to-day," and as though to add earnestness and determination to his threats, he disclosed the shining muzzle of a loaded revolver, which he had concealed in an inside pocket.

Look well at him, dear reader, as the demon of murder takes possession of his soul. See his haggard face and wandering eye. Watch him as he leaves the others and steals into his master's garden, with a grim smile of satisfaction as he spies the object of his search, Mr. Baxton Miller, among the flowers. That gentleman is giving instructions to his head gardener, utterly unconscious of the danger which lurks near him.

Dwyer, pleased with the situation, crouched behind the shrubbery to await a satisfactory moment in which to do his cowardly deed.

It came sooner than he expected. Mr. Miller finished his instructions and walked off to a more secluded part of the grounds where he sought a rustic seat, deep in thought.

"There he is!" hissed Dwyer between his teeth, as though communicating with an unseen companion. "Doesn't he hide well his rascality? Oh, how I hate him! See, his sins are weighing him down. Now's my chance," and with a devilish chuckle he stole through the shrubs till he found himself close behind his hated master. His hand sought his revolver and with another fendish glare of triumph was just about to pull the trigger, when a tiny girlish form sprang upon Miller's knee and broke the awful stillness with her rippling laughter.

"I knew I would surprise you, papa," she said, settling herself on his knee. "I've been hunting you high up and low down. And now that I've found you I'm very tired and would just like to stay here and rest."

"You can rest here, darling, but I'm afraid papa will not be able to stay with you, for he has important work to attend to."

"Oh, papa, you have always 'portant work to do. Don't you think that I'm a little bit 'portant sometimes. Since mamma died I've only you, and you know, papa, I ran away from nurse just to talk with you. And now you won't stay with me," and with a suppressed baby sigh she hid her curly head on his shoulder.

"Now, Hetty, don't be unreasonable, child. I thought all good little girls understood that their papas had to work to make money."

"Work, indeed!" thought Dwyer, as he studied the contrast between father and child. "You would be a darned sight better if you did have to work, you hardened scoundrel. How I would love to put this bullet through you; but the sight of that little angel unmans me. Heavens! I feel as if I had no strength left! Why did she come here at this minute?"

"But why must you have money, papa," she was saying. "Everybody isn't rich and they can live just as well as we can."

"Perhaps," he replied absently. "Sometimes I think it isn't worth the trouble. But then there is the glory of it."

"I don't know anything about glory," said the little daughter, "but I s'pose I will when I get big."

"Yes, that's it, Hetty, that's it, dear," and he stroked her golden hair. "When you get big, I can talk of these things to you, but now you are too young."

"You may play with your dollies now, pet, or run after butterflies in the meadow while I go and arrange my business. Want a kiss? All right. Now, good-bye."

He took the garden path towards the house, while Hetty, overjoyed at the permission to hunt butterflies, in the meadow, skipped off in that direction, her large lace hat dangling by its strings from her neck. Dwyer followed and kept her within sight.

"Butterflies, butterflies come when I call, High-a-fly, sky-a-fly, over the wall; Yellow or red or purple or blue, Butterflies, butterflies, I will catch you."

Over and over again she sang these lines with an air all her own, as she ran heedlessly along among the sweet-smelling clover. Presently a big yellow butterfly fluttered just under her eyes, and dared her to follow him in his uncertain course.

"Isn't he a beauty," she exclaimed, as she darted after it.

First on one flower, then on another he alighted, but however quietly she tiptoed after him, he always eluded her little fingers.

This and many similar attempts and failures were experienced until at last the child, tired out and overcome by the oppressive heat, threw herself gladly in the long grass, and ignorant of the fact that Dwyer was near-by watching her, was soon fast asleep. Her sunbonnet, which had since come undone, was caught carelessly in one plump hand, while the other reposed under her rosy cheek. She looked what she was, a perfect picture of lovely innocence. As Dwyer gazed down at her, strange emotions filled his soul.

Why did he so readily forsake that chance of taking his master's life? Had he not waited for it—longed for it? It came, but he did not profit by it. Why did he not dodge the father's footsteps instead of coming after his innocent child? He did not mean to harm her. Then why did he follow her?

To none of these questions could Dwyer find an answer. Some unseen power had forced him to abandon his murderous intentions and keep watch over the little wanderer.

"After all, how could I harm the father of that angel?" he thought as he continued to look at her. "To kill the father would mean to leave the child an orphan, and surely what could be more cruel."

"Oh, no, my God!" he cried, and his strong frame shook with emotion. "I will not do it. Heaven help me to be strong."

"How sweetly and calmly she sleeps," he thought, "all unconscious of that she has saved her father's life, and me from becoming a murderer!"

He shuddered at the awful meaning of the word became clear to him, and from the depths of his soul rose a prayer for pardon, which pierced the clouds and found favor with God.

Hetty turned her golden head, and a smile—Dwyer thought it a heavenly one—played around her dimpled mouth.

He moved cautiously away lest he should wake her, and sitting down at a short distance he continued to keep his vigil over her.

Before long, discordant sounds broke on the still air, and lending an attentive ear, Dwyer discovered that they were the voices of his enraged fellow-laborers, coming no doubt in

maddened desperation to seek redress of grievance at the master's house.

In an instant Dwyer was up, his blood boiling with anger as the old rebellious feelings were awakened on hearing the shouts of his comrades. But one glance at the little form outstretched in sleeping beauty, and all rebellious thoughts were stilled within his breast.

On came the noisy band of strikers from their cottages. They were now in the meadow, and close upon the spot where lay Hetty asleep and Dwyer concealed.

"Hello! what's this?" shouted the foremost, as he caught sight of the child. "I'll be blowed if it isn't the boss's young 'un. What d'ye say, boys, if we make short work of her to begin with," and he advanced to the now awakened and terrified Hetty.

"Stand back, you infernal murderers," yelled Dwyer, springing at them like a tiger. "Stand back, I say! Touch not a hair of her head or it is with me you will have to deal," and he took the weeping baby in his arms.

"Now stand aside, and tell me what brought you here."

His comrades looked at him and at one another, unable for the instant to give an explanation. Then one stepped out.

"We want what we have always wanted and what you want yourself—fair treatment. You told us this morning you were going to free us, and an hour after you had made your escape no one knew where, while the boss extorts more unbearable regulations. We won't stand it. We want justice."

"And you will get it if you let me have my own way," replied Dwyer, cooling down. "Return to your homes, and if in the morning you are not satisfied with the outlook of things, you can follow your own course. Can't you trust me, boys? When I say a thing I'll do it if it is in the power of man at all. But I must have my own time and way. Now go, and don't stand scaring this little one to death."

They turned without a word, for when Anthony Dwyer spoke it was law.

"Please, sir, what is it all about," timidly asked Hetty, when the retreating figures had disappeared.

"It is, dear, that your papa won't pay his men enough money for the work they do for him, and they are angry with him."

"Angry with my papa? Oh, they mustn't get angry with my papa. He has lots of money and he will give some to these men. I know he will."

"But he won't. That's just what makes them angry. They have asked him more than once."

"Well, p'raps my papa didn't understand. Sometimes he don't understand me either when he is thinking about 'portant business, you know. But if I talk to him about mamma, then he always understands me and gives me whatever I ask."

"It makes papa cry when I talk about mamma. But he says he loves his little Hetty and would do anything for her, so s'pose I ask him to give money to those angry men."

Dwyer could not have asked a better arrangement. In fact, it was just what he had in mind.

"That's what you must do, Miss Hetty, so be sure you tell your papa that the angry men want money."

"Yes, yes, I know. Papa has plenty of money. It is 'portant business, but I don't like it, 'cause it makes men angry. Guess I'm hungry now," she broke off abruptly, looking at Dwyer. "Is it dinner time yet?"

"No, miss, not yet. But we can get a bite to eat at my cottage over there, and then I will take you home. You will see my little daughter Mabe, she is just about your size, but not so nicely dressed, for she is poor."

"I'm sorry she is poor. But take me to her, won't you?" she asked coaxingly.

And hand in hand they went to the cottage.

After leaving his little daughter in the garden, Mr. Baxton Miller proceeded to his private office where letters were read and answered, different business transactions attended to, and persons of more or less importance seen and dismissed.

An agreement with his men was proposed by them but received with contempt. He was blind to his own interests, and trusting to his immense wealth preferred to remain obstinate, knowing that want and starvation must force the strikers to yield in the end.

Closing and locking his office door, he strolled once more through the garden. There he met Mary, the nurse, seeking the missing child.

"I can't think where she is, sir," she said in despair.

"You will find her in the meadow, Mary; I told her she might hunt butterflies there. But you had better bring her in, for I'm afraid there is a storm threatening. Go quickly, Mary."

The meadow was searched and researched in vain. Hetty was not there. Large drops of rain fell, fore-runners of a mighty storm. Mr. Miller paced the ground in front of his house, trusting to see the familiar little figure run to him from behind some tree. When, however, his servants returned from a fruitless search he was like one deranged.

"Keep on hunting, storm or no storm," he commanded, "my child must be found. Go now, don't waste the precious minutes. It may mean life or death to her. My God! what rain! And my Hetty can't be found. Oh, hurry, my brave men, for her sake, for God's sake, hurry. Five hundred dollars to the man who will bring her back to me."

They obeyed, despite the raging storm, and left him alone.

"She was all I had to live for," he cried, in real, heart-felt sorrow, as he paced his room during the long, weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me? My poor little Hetty! Merciful heaven! have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! why are such deeds allowed? My child! my flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be. It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her, and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

These and many such thoughts filled his now feverish brain. The hours sped on. The storm increased with the approach of night, and still no news reached him. He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Pictures of his enraged workmen came up before him. Their homes, wives and children lay exposed before his troubled gaze, deprived of work, food and money, and for the first time thoughts of how they were suffering caused him some uneasiness.

"And all because of my stubbornness," he reasoned. "My God! You are punishing me. I know it! I feel it! But I am sorry, Just God! I repent! I will make amends; only give me back my child. I cannot live without her."

The long hours of the night dragged slowly on. From one room to another, out into the grounds where the storm seemed to mock at his grief, anywhere and everywhere went the stricken father like a restless spirit.

Daybreak brought him no consolation—no hope. He passed out to the garden once more where the air was pure and refreshing after the night's storm. He turned to the old rustic seat where he had last seen and talked to her.

He sat there for some time when approaching voices met his ears. His heart gave one bound. He listened and looked. It was her voice chattering gaily. There she was, the darling, coming towards him, but at the head of his rebellious workmen. What can it mean?

He knows very soon what it all means, for in less than it takes to tell it, Hetty is in his arms and between kisses and hugs is pouring out her little story.

Anthony Dwyer is there, too, and in a rougher but perhaps more satisfactory manner added that had it not been for the storm, he would have brought the child home the night before. As it was she passed the night in his cottage.

"Yes, papa, only for him, p'raps your Hetty would really and truly have been lost, or maybe killed."

"Hush, dear," said her father with a shudder, as he held her to him.

"But 'deed, papa, I know it," and she drew her ear close to her baby lips, to whisper the rest of her story.

"Won't you now, papa?" she asked aloud with a knowing little glance at Dwyer.

"Yes, pet, I will."

"Dwyer, you can tell your comrades that they can go to work as soon as they like. I agree to their terms. You, yourself, may come to my office in the afternoon to receive the five hundred dollars reward, which I offered to the finder of my little Hetty."

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's

Cocoa and Chocolate

Dear Editor:—I am a girl of nine years and have never written a letter to a paper before, but when my mamma read your letter at the top of the "Boys and Girls' Corner" she said it would be nice to let you know some little ones appreciated what you were doing for us. I have gone back to school and was so glad my teacher was not changed. I have the dearest baby brother you could wish to see. He has just commenced to walk, and often pulls my things around, which makes me very cross with him. We love him so much that mamma says he will be a spoilt boy. I love to work out puzzles, so I hope to see some soon.

Your little friend,

MARGARET.

Dear Editor:—I was surprised when I saw the Children's Corner in last week's True Witness. I was away in the mountains all summer, but found the time had been very short when I had to go back to school. I have a lovely spaniel that follows me everywhere I go, and didn't he come right to school with me the other day. I thought I had left him behind after playing with him, but somebody must have opened the door for I was not long in school when I heard loud barking, and who should be the cause of it but my dear old Jack.

Your friend,

KITTY.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy seven years old. I like to read the children's letters. I cannot write very well, but perhaps I will do better. I started school and don't like it. I'd rather play.

Your friend,

FRANK.

Dear Editor:—I have a little pussy and I call it Smut for it is so black. It came crying to the door one day, and we took it in. I have a lovely bird, too. My auntie gave it to me for my birthday.

Your friend,

LENA.

Dear Editor:—I am at home from school just now. I broke my arm climbing in the barn at my uncle's, where I was spending a month, and, oh, didn't it hurt, but I was lucky that it was my left instead of my right arm. I don't mind so much being home from school, but my papa gave me a present of a violin and I had just started to take lessons, when I fell. I am glad you have a page for ourselves now.

Your friend,

JACK.

Dear Editor:—I had a birthday party last Wednesday. I had ten little friends over to play with me, and such fun as we had. We played games and romped round to our heart's content. Mamma made me a lovely cake covered in pink and white icing, and she put ten little candles of all colors on the top. My uncle has a magic lantern, and he brought it down to amuse us.

Your friend,

HAROLD.

Dear Editor:—I learnt to swim this summer. We were at the seaside, and that is the best place to learn. I used to sail my boat. A lot of little boys had boats, too, and we had races sometimes. I hope to see a lot of letters this week.

Your friend,

BERTIE.

Dear Editor:—Won't you give us a story just for children. I love to read, and I have ever so many story books. I do hope you will put one in the children's page.

Your little friend,

BELLE.

(We will try and meet our little friends in every way, and will give them a nice story.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:—I wish the snow was here. I would rather skate and go tobogganing and snowshoeing than anything in the world.

Your friend,

MARION.

Dear Editor:—I have joined the

cadets this year and think it is fine. Papa says I'll make a funny looking soldier, because I'm so small, but, then, it is not always the big people who do big things. Is it, Mr. Editor?

CLAUDE.

Dear Editor:—I was so glad to see a page for boys and girls. I would like a story besides the letters. I am taking music lessons this year for the first time and like it very much.

NANCY.

Dear Editor:—This is my first year in Montreal, and I feel very lonesome for my little friends I left behind me in Moncton. My papa is dead and mamma has come to live with grandma. We find everything so strange. Papa always subscribed to the True Witness, and we are continuing. I saw the children's page in last week's paper and like to read the letters.

MYRTLE.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy seven years old. I like to read the children's letters. I cannot write very well, but perhaps I will do better. I started school and don't like it. I'd rather play.

FRANK.

Dear Editor:—There was a fire near us the other day, and we were afraid we were going to be burnt, too, but the firemen worked hard and we were only damaged by water. It was a very cold day, and mamma brought some of the men in and gave them nice hot coffee.

ALICE.

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Sunday-school Superintendent:—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly):—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened):—"It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizoury."

WILLIE'S DREAM OF PAPA.

Willie (very seriously):—"Papa, I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa:—"Indeed! What was it?"

Willie:—"I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper):—"And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?"

Willie:—"No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Papa:—"And what was I coming down for?"

Willie:—"That's what I asked you, and you told me you were coming for more chalk."

THE PARSON AND THE "LIGHT."

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Some one met his

youngest son. "How is it, Josiah; is your father going to B—?"

"Well," answered the youngster judicially, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

Dear Editor:—I have joined the

MEN'S SOCIETY. Meets in its street, on the each month, at the mountains all summer, but found the time had been very short when I had to go back to school. I have a lovely spaniel that follows me everywhere I go, and didn't he come right to school with me the other day. I thought I had left him behind after playing with him, but somebody must have opened the door for I was not long in school when I heard loud barking, and who should be the cause of it but my dear old Jack.

DA, BRANCH 8th November, meets at St. St. Alexander Sunday of each business are and 4th Monday 3 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Chairman; President, W. Secretary, P. G. Visitation street; J. J. Co. Main street; Tra Medical Adviser on, E. J. O'Connell.

BELLS. S BELLS (starting work at the work Bell, U. S. A.) L COMPANY Y., and NEW YORK CITY. CHURCH BELLS. LOITORS.

INTS OF SECURED of Manufacturers, to affect the advisability of these transactions by charges made by 125 pages, sent upon New York Life Insurance, D.C., U.S.A.

EBRATED RAISING FLOUR and the Best.

for the empty Montreal.

ANCE BETWEEN Joshiore gamekeeper one of the birds, fence between the churches. "Give reference in a simple requested, after a the gamekeeper. I John, "if you is this, we'll all be damned."

Dear Editor:—I wish the snow was here. I would rather skate and go tobogganing and snowshoeing than anything in the world.

Dear Editor:—I have joined the